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ORIGINAL POETRY.

I have never seen the righteous forsaken.

DAVID.

I've seen the heir of guilt and woe,

And marked his wandering eye;

I've seen the tear of anguish flow,

And heard the mournful sigh.

I've seen the victim of despair,

A prey to want and sin;

I've watch'd his brow, when sternly there

Was stamp'd the curse within.

I've seen the lordling roll in state,

And swell with bloating pride;

I've seen when at the poor man's gate,

The wretched outcast died.

I've seen the youth, whom pleasure's round

Had early taught to stray;

And those that by Intemperance found

The flowery, fatal way—

These I have seen, but never yet

Have marked the child of prayer,

Abandoned by his God, to eat

The bitter bread of care.

T.

LOVE'S PROPER SEASONS.

When summer breeze

But waves the trees,

Just as the sun declines,

Whose golden hues

Around diffuse

And on each leaflet shieth;

When twilight's power

(A gentle hour)

Its softness round is throwing,

And 'mid the gloom

A sweet perfume,

The gentle gale is blowing;

When smooth and still

The winding rill,

Its little waves are sending,

While here and there

The streamlets are,

With it their waters blending;

When gliding through

The modest bark,

The moon her track pursuing,

Gives to the night

A tender light,

A light—just fit for wooing;

Then gaily move

And seek your love,

Give soft and cogent reasons,

And you will find,

Tho' Cupid's blind,

These are his proper seasons.

CIREX.

LINES.

I love to trace the purring rill,

Where dazling sunbeams play,

Whilst round the pretty verdant hill,

It winds its lonesome way;

And there to choose the verdant bow'rs,

That Nature's hands hath made,

Hang round with sweetly scented flow'rs,

To deck its rural shade—

Then I'd not ask the breath of fame,

To court my humble shrine,

Nor loss of titles to my name,

I ever would repine;

But in its cool retreat I'd rest,

And with a modest pen,

Would tell how much more I was blest,

Than in the haunts of men.

LUCIUS.

Up to the silver orb she raised

Her soft cerulean eye,

Then in her anxious gaze she gazed,

And answer'd—with a sigh!

O' happy hour, does that mean no,

Enraptured now, I cried;

Shall Stephen all his fears forego,

Will Laura be his bride?

A blush suffused her lovely face,

My trembling hopes to bless;

She rush'd into my fond embrace,

Her silence answer'd—yes. BELINDA.

A PLEASANT TOUR.

The country was not still—

I never found a wish or fancy's plan,

But there I had the scene—Casper.

Having seldom been but a few miles distant

From the confines of the city, and a summer

Ride having become so very fashionable,

I participated enjoyment by a few weeks' absence,

From which I have returned. I was fortunate

In leaving Philadelphia on one of those

Days when the sun, in all its splendour,

Not only enlivens the present moments, but

Reflects some hope, in a fashionable phrase,

That to the journey I would be "agreeably

entertained." The Steam Boat was the

means of conveyance—and the prospects on

the river Delaware, as is well known, are

picturesque and beautiful; and I should suppose,

without an exaggerated comparison, they

were scarcely inferior to those on the river

Thames—although the latter have been so

eloquently described, that without the same

hand to guide the magic wand (allow me the

expression) comparison would now be futile

—all that I can say is, by using the words of a

charming female, whose piercing eye and au-

burning ringlets had attracted my attention, but

from which it was turned to her melodious

voice and appropriate expressions—she was

conversing with a lady, who in beauty was by

no means her inferior—at one time, as the

boat was making a short turn, she says "Oh,

Matilda! did you ever see any stream so elegantly

serpentine; did you ever see any thing so beautiful?"

"It is, indeed, Maria, remarkably zigzag!"

"But do you perceive that elegant mansion just on the margin of the

river? Oh! how romantic, how fanciful; if you

and I were living there, Matilda, how many agreeable

hours we could pass our time! time would pass, and we'd scarcely

recognize it!" "Indeed I should enjoy it much!"

"The garden is certainly handsome! Why it

reminds me of a perfect Paradise!" (Yes, thought I,

if one of you two were added to it, as I perceived a

gentleman reclining under a tree.) They were very

dear, and I, as an interpreter, would have considered

myself fortunate, but it so happened I was ignorant

of what a magnificent place it was. What a magnificent

place! In a short time we arrived at Princeton,

there took the stage, lodged at Princeton, and again

entered the Steam Boat at New Brunswick, which for the

first time landed me in the City of New-York—and

positively, when I stepped on to the wharf, it

reminded me of a city built for nothing else but

grocery shops and oyster houses, taverns and

retailers, as if we had little else to do but eat and

drink—but after a more extensive examination, I

must confess, I found it widely different—some parts

of the city are very pleasant indeed—their places of

amusement are many, and entertaining—the

inhabitants generally are sociable, from my own little

knowledge, and from that of others—the men, when

intending to walk, keep on a long trot, which has

become a habit by their hurry in business. New York

does not need description, as it is generally well known.

In East and West Jersey I spent several weeks—

the small towns in East Jersey are very handsomely

much ferreted—these reflections were brought to

my mind by the recollection of the following tale:

On Little river was the residence of an English

gentleman who left his native country for the purpose of

burying in the solitude of the American wilds the cause of his

grief—he had lost a fond and affectionate wife, and the

memory of her whom he had loved so dearly preyed upon his

mind and threatened such serious consequences that his

friends after much persuasion induced him to leave his country

and take with him his only child, (a daughter of four years)

and settle on the shores of the above named stream. Here

in this happy seclusion did he watch with parental solicitude

over the expanding mind of his lovely child—he spent his

leisure hours in teaching her by precept and example, and

acquiring by his knowledge in all the useful branches of

education. Thus employed, both with the improvement of

his daughter and the cultivation of his small farm, the ex-

cesses of his grief gradually wore away. He had the satisfac-

tion to see his child grow up in innocence and worth—he

would trace with fond remembrance, (as the big tear stood in

his eyes) a strong and striking resemblance to his mother—

his form was so delicately moulded, and her eyes so

beautifully mild, that she seemed more like a fairy of the

imagination than a being of existence. At this interesting

period of Mary's life, a circumstance occurred that intro-

duced into this quiet family an inmate. She was one day

strolling along the shores of the river and admiring the

rocky scenery of this place—above her was the remarkable

and very romantic cataract of Little river, a rock ten or

twelve feet in perpendicular height extended quite across

the channel of the river; over this the whole river pitched

its volume of water in one entire sheet upon a bed of

rocks below—at the bottom of the perpendicular fall the

rocks were continually excavated by the constant pouring

of the water—the smoothness of the water above its de-

scend, the regularity and beauty of the perpendicular fall,

and the craggy towering cliff which impends the whole

were indescribably delightful and majestic. Mary had

seated herself upon the projection of a rock and was

indulging in the reveries of thought. She was comparing

the stormy passage of life to the foaming element that

came thundering at her feet with the most violent agita-

tion from above, and then calmly gazing to the ocean of

Eternity. At this moment, casting her eyes upwards, she

observed a eagle, guided by her person, gliding over the

precipice, a chilling feeling of horror ran through her as she

saw the frail bark dashing down the cataract—and

overwhelmed by the deluge of waters, it passed from her

sight—her nerves were unable to bear longer this shock

and sunk down motionless. The canoe directed by a

more able and experienced hand than Mary had conceived,

was seen at a little distance emerging from behind the

thick shelves of rocks, perfectly poised and manned by the

summarily adventured who had so boldly dashed down the

cataract. Mary, upon recovering, looked wildly around her,

exclaiming, "Is that I saw the waves cover him, and he

sank to rise no more." The stranger knowing the recent

sight had shocked her nerves, quietly conducted her to her

father, and begged permission that he might be allowed to

call on the following day—his request was granted. Mary

continued to talk a little wandering until evening, then

falling into a calm sleep, she rose next morning with

renewed strength and heard thankfully the particulars

of the preceding day; she learned also, that the stranger

had obtained permission to visit the house on that day.

This to her was a fruitful source of conjecture. She had

always been secluded from society, and had been taught

by her father to be silent and retiring, and not to

interfere with the doings of others; but now she found

herself surrounded by a more numerous and cheerful

circle of friends, and when she went down to attend her

father in his afternoon walks, he joked her on the

coming of the stranger. As Mary was pointing to her

father the place where the canoe had yesterday been

hurried over the falls, they were joined by their

visitor—he congratulated Mary on her recovery, and

hoped he should never again be the cause of giving her

any more alarm—the manners of the stranger were

THE WORLD.

May be compared to a party of pleasure; we are

all in pursuit of happiness, and not in great

humour, propose nothing but enjoyment through the

course of the whole day. But alas! few of the party

have their expectations answered. Diverted by the

objects as we pass along, our purposes, another

passion, a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh,

and a third fresh phantasm, until every one has

singled out his favorite delight. And at this period

of the journey, emulation, strife, envy and debate,

commonly overtake the travellers, cloud the bright

prospects, and mar the rising happiness of the day.

Though the world is wide enough for every one

to take a little, and there appears no reason why

we should quarrel, yet as it is, we are continually

contending and crossing each other at right angles;

and as we are all so much in the way of each other,

it is not surprising that we are all so much in the

way of each other. We find that we have strayed

from the path we had selected, become disappointed,

suspicious and selfish, sullen and morose, and never

reflect but when it is too late, not feel those kind

and gentle, those friendly and fraternal sensations

playing round our hearts, that love and benevolence

for our fellow-travellers, and that interest in the

joyments, which once warmed our bosoms, and

without which there is certainly no such thing as a

day of pleasure. We are inclined by the law of nature

to live together in love. We feel the emotions of

friendship and pity; they are found in every man's

breast, unless he does violence to himself and stifles

them; and we are implanted within us to admonish

and excite us to the offices of humanity.

When we feel the misfortunes of life, they lead

us to enter into the adversity of others, and we

know that it is natural to rejoice with those that

rejoice. Through the power of sympathy our eyes

are opened to the sorrows of others, and our hearts

are melted with pity. We feel interested in every

scene of affliction, through which we see our fellow

creatures called to pass—and not only so, but even

the relation of fictitious calamities calls forth this

gentleness of our nature. We know that benevolent

offices done to those who need them, afford the

most solid and delicious of all pleasures to the

benefactor. As, therefore, nature has made another

man's misfortunes our sorrow, and his joys our

joy, it is but right, that we should be friendly and

pleasant to all, and that we should be united in

friendship and love. It is our duty to be kind and

friendly to all, and to be united in friendship and

love. It is our duty to be kind and friendly to all,

and to be united in friendship and love. It is our

duty to be kind and friendly to all, and to be

as their leader in his mind. By a series of brilliant achievements, in which he himself always acted a conspicuous part, Suleim completely subjugated the refractory chiefs, and having collected the tributes, returned home laden with prisoners and booty. His reception, however, was different from that which he expected, as the necessary reward of his success, instead of the proud approving smile of the monarch, the praise due to extraordinary valor, and the advancement of his station, as his ardent fancy had depicted to him, in all the glow and fervor of youthful imagination, his heart sank within him, his lofty ideas vanished in a moment, and his blood almost congealed in its current, when, on entering with the step of a victor the audience hall of the monarch, he perceived his uncle sitting so formally at his right hand, found himself interrogated as a rebel and a traitor, and heard the order given to conduct him to a dungeon. Thus, in the short course of an hour, he was precipitated from the summit of his hopes into the deepest despair. Whilst in his prison he endeavored to explain to himself the reason of his ignominious treatment, and conjectured, as was really the case, that the invidious minister had, by some machination, or artifice, succeeded in misleading his master from the true statement. He knew the Shah could only gain favor by humbling his eye in the audience hall, and that his uncle, in his capacity of a minister, would not permit to his nephew the aspect of repose after the intolerable heat of the day, that Suleim first beheld the lovely Alina, who held him so fast bound in her alien chains. He had that day been engaged in an arduous conflict with a powerful and warlike chief, whom he defeated and took prisoner—as he was reclining in his tent after the toil of battle, his attention was arrested by the musical voice of a female in distress, who was entreating the guards to allow her to pass to his tent, roused by his romantic and youthful feelings, he commanded them to admit her; a moment afterwards he beheld at his feet the most beautiful of created beings; she was lightly clad in the Turkish attire with her often and loosely at her back, beneath which the exquisite symmetry of her person was portrayed with the skill of an alchemist artist, the sighs which escaped from her bosom betrayed her agony, her long glossy hair separated into a thousand tresses, rolled carelessly down her enamelled breast; her angelic countenance was clouded by grief and sorrow, and the expressive eloquence of her large black eyes, as, drowned in tears, it sought a resting place on his, so completely bewildered the young victor, that he stood for some time in speechless delight and admiration, totally unable to make any reply to the reiterated appeals on behalf of her imprisoned parent, whose safety she had come to implore. As soon as he perceived his wandering senses, he raised her from the ground, assuring her that all his power and authority should be exerted in her cause—it was at this interview that his heart acknowledged the powerful sway of beauty. And the resulting consequences of it were the immediate return of the lovely Alina to Persia as his destined bride. When he was cast into the solitary cell by the artifices of his uncle, who stole all his followers and raised his voice in his behalf—she appeared before his relentless persecutor, and with all the persuasive eloquence of distress and grief, endeavored to appreciate his wrath, but to no purpose. The lion in his most violent mood, as when the savagery of his nature was untrammelled by the softening influence of a fairer sex, but man, governed by his nature, urged by the insatiable calls of passion, and stimulated by felt love and revenge, refused the exercise of humanity, trampled under foot the social and affectionate ties which should render him the noblest of creation, and spurned the dictates of conscience. Assault was added to her misery, and she was compelled to leave his accursed halls with redoubled pangs and tears.

Six months passed over the unhappy Suleim in his dungeon, and found him still in the possession of life, although in a state bordering on distraction, on account of the fair being, who had looked her destiny with him, for during all that time he never received the slightest intelligence respecting her fate. She was also on the verge of despair, but still persisted in her fruitless endeavours to free him, and for this purpose left no means untried, she had repeatedly prostrated herself before the Shah of Persia, but that monarch, considering his punishment as just, would not listen to her entreaties. The gaoler who guarded Suleim was faithful to his trust, and would not permit any intercourse between the parties, so that she was compelled to resign almost every hope of ever seeing him again. It was the third day of the month, when Suleim, finding this mode of proceeding to be determined to resort to violent measures, but he did not attempt these while Alina was alive, for he knew well that the love she left for him would prompt to ascertain the manner of his end. To effect his design he employed men to steal her person, as she was entering a bath, and drawn her in the Arabian Sea. These orders were but half executed; one of them touched with compassion at her youth, innocence and beauty, prevailed on his companion to leave her in an immense forest, bordering on the Gulf, from which, owing to the number of wild beasts with which its precincts, he never expected to see her again come forth. The result however proved him to be mistaken, for she appeared shortly after, a cottage on the borders of the wood, where she remained, with some honest peasants, until taken away by order of the sovereign. The two persons employed to murder her, as we have already seen, were bending their course in the dusk of the evening from the wood, whether they had taken her, and continued slowly on amid the darkness until they arrived at the palace of the Shah; they had to pass this in order to give account to their master of the crime. The monarch had that day received an unusual visit, the old chief, father of the lovely Alina, who was liberated from confinement by her decessor, bearing no tidings of his daughter, of whom he was passionately fond, had set out in search of her, and arrived without success at the residence of the sovereign of Persia, here he explained his distress and gave the Shah a circumstantial account of the conduct of Suleim. Astonished at the refusal he immediately summoned his minister and asked him to employ in the destruction of his victim, so as to cause no suspicion of his own, when the messenger reached him, he kissed the monarch's hand with a light step, and a heart exulting in the consummation of his base and malignant design, he entered the presence of his sovereign. He met the Shah's eye, and with the greatest thoughtfulness kept his countenance, as the enraged monarch gave vent to his feelings in the following words: "Accursed son of Elias, know thou

and to which the malady which torments him is attributed. He does not want for penetration, and will always hold his authority over those about him, because he dispises them, and is distrustful."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A PREMIUM!

Monks, Editors—As your paper is well known to be the Ladies' Friend, any thing promising to add to their convenience will, no doubt, be very acceptable to you, and, in the means of communicating it, will consider myself doubly rewarded by their favorable commendation. A few days since, while sitting at my desk, I was led into a train of thought, and different plans to promote the comfort, welfare and happiness of the Ladies came uppermost in my imagination. One misfortune particularly occurred to me as very striking, and I thought it worthy to prevent the ill effects of the evil would be deserving a PREMIUM. Now, I myself, an rather bashful young man, but as I am not altogether secluded from the company of the Ladies, I frequently, either through the day or evening, take a ramble with man's sweetest companion, and have witnessed the disagreeable dilemmas in which they are often placed. What I would call attention to is the frequency which "Ladies shoe ribbon" is seen "following after" the shoe—having never heard whether it was polite in a gentleman to assist in re-adjusting it in the street, I have felt a delicacy in writing the fair subject of the possible of her help. Now, one of our correspondents, skilled in the "polite art," professes himself capable of devising, after the latest fashion, a complete "lap-over-top," that will be approved of by any committee of experienced females, both for durability and heatness. All he requires for the promulgation of this important discovery is "the thanks of the Ladies," and the present of a small Paxtew, a Gold Medal, perhaps, bearing suitable inscriptions and devices, illustrative of the important services rendered to the female part of society by his invaluable device. Although these stock may appear trifling to some, yet if they have any regard for the comfort of charming women, they will certainly view them with different feelings. An answer will be received with eager expectation. Yours, &c.

STUDIOUS MEDICUS.

GAMING.

At Spa, Count Zenobio related to me an incident that he had witnessed here a few years ago, which had produced a most uncommon interest and effect. A short time, when, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly became a constant attendant at the gaming tables. This man during a whole fortnight, continued, night after night, in the most extraordinary manner to win enormous sums of the faro bankers, as well as the surrounding better. He wore spectacles, and appeared in short-sighted that he was always obliged to touch the counters with his nose before he could distinguish the cards. Such was his luck, that whatever card he backed was sure to win. On the last night of his appearance in spa, one of the gamblers, a young man intimated to him, that he had lost a considerable sum. His temper was quite gone, and he vowed that he would win back his money in a style that might have done credit to a more experienced player. "D—n you old dog!" cried, "and most particularly do you speak!" By the powers, said I, I won't try my luck myself in your cursed spectacles!" and notching from him he put them on his own face. At first he could distinguish nothing, but on approaching the cards within three inches of his nose, he discovered that the spectacles were of the most perfect quality, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wonder, but he was gone. An examination commenced, and the cause of this wonderful continuity of luck was speedily discovered. The cards in spa are not bought of shopkeepers, as in England, but every autumn the proprietors of the gaming tables repair to the grand fair at Leipzig, and there purchase the cards for the year. Further the spectacle gentleman had no luck, not as a gambler, but as a dealer in cards, and he sold a large number of his cards, at a price reduced rate, and of such excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him, and a few several other towns were literally stocked with his cards. At the back of each of these, concealed among the ornaments, and so small as to be imperceptible to the unsated eye, was its number with a particular variation to denote the sort. Then the rogue came to spa disguised, with his long hair and spectacles, and there, as a gentleman gambler, would have broken all the banks in spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. As it was, he decamped with several thousand pounds.

REMARKABLE FEAT.

I once saw a Greek soldier dancing upon the end of one of the vaults, in a manner truly marvellous, without having hold of any of the rigging by his hands, until he had fallen off overboard, as I and some others and anticipated that he must. No time was lost in attempting to rescue him, but in vain, as no trace of him could be discovered. But while we were regretting his fate, we perceived him as suddenly, dancing at the further end of the deck, for it seemed that he had not slipped off, but thrown himself purposely into the sea, and had swam to a considerable distance under water, and, without a single break recalled to my mind the feat of the ancient Greeks in diving, when, during the siege of Syracuse, the Athenians swam under water, and saved away the piles with which the mouth of the harbour had been blocked up.—Dr. Elger's Journal.

THE BATTLE OF MUTA.

In the first battle of the troops of Mahomet, the Arabian Arabs, in a south-western, three renowned leaders claimed the post of honour. Who led the van? The words scarce spoke, Young Gassir in the circle sprang— Sudden as lightning rends the oak, Back fell the traitor from his charge. Who calls the van while I am here, Lord of the Prophet's sacred spear? Who leads the van? Abdallah rushed! Full speed among the warrior crowd, He reeled his haughty courage flush, He reeled the Arab to earth, and said, Behold the talisman of war! Who leads the van? With spring and yell, Forer as the tiger on the field, Came giant Zaid. War's mightiest spell, Above his corseal crown he rolled, There, sweeping like a fiery zone, Mahomet's jewell'd banner shone! Spear, mare and falcon raised for blood, In hands that gave no second sound— In the towering vaults stood, He waved the colors in his high plume, He spoke the word from the loath.

IRABIM PACHA.

The following is given in an English paper as an authentic sketch of Ibrahim Pacha, the conqueror of Missolonghi. The stature of Ibrahim is somewhat below mediocrity—his movements approach a little to the grotesque—his deportment assumes nothing grave or distinguished. At first sight there appears about him a character of mildness and sociability which surprises you. A converse to yourself a small face and little grey eyes, all vivacity and even cheerfulness, a mouth forever smiling and features always open and animated. Notwithstanding premature wrinkles which form his temples, and a hollowness about the exterior angle of his eyes, his appearance, still youthful, forms a striking contrast to his age—now forty-seven. There is nothing about him announcing superior intellect, or remarkable qualities. He is said to have been cruel to ferocity from his very early infancy, and his life proves it; but I would defy a lawyer to distinguish in his countenance that feature by which it shall be indicated. I have seen him in a moment of irritation, and I can affirm that he has not the look of an homicide. His dress is simple, and he is only to be distinguished by the hat of officers who accompany him. In the camp his life is regular and abstemious, he smokes and drinks coffee forever. His tent is exceedingly simple, and in no way distinguished from that of other chiefs. Before we proceed to speak of his character, it is important to observe, that the son of Mahomet is afflicted by an intermittent disease of the brain, whose effects manifest themselves in convulsive motions and loud cries. It is asserted, and with probability, that after an attack he preserves for some time an invincible taciturnity, and that then he is no longer the same man, his errors, they say, are the effects of an imagination he cannot restrain. Ibrahim is as illiterate as his father, he has, besides, been continually led away from all serious application by a fondness for women, which he cannot restrain.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

This Magazine, consists wholly of selections from foreign periodical publications, and is the most valuable and interesting work which can be acquired. The articles are selected with great care and judgment, and are accompanied by a large number of Reviews and Magazines, giving a full and complete view of the most important literature of the day. The Magazine is published weekly, and is sent to subscribers by mail, free of postage. The price is \$1.00 per annum, in advance. The Magazine is published by the American Library Company, 112 Nassau Street, New York.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The University of Virginia has at present about 175 students within its walls. It has a law lecture commenced with the present session, it is calculated that the number would have increased to at least 200. There are students from all the States south of Delaware. Two from New-York. The faculty are strict, and they were during the last session, and the students generally more orderly and studious.

THE WESTERN COURIER.

The Western Courier, published at Ellensburg, Catagagus county, gives an account of a wild and which swept along the Catagagus creek, leveling every thing in its way. The bridge over the Catagagus was entirely demolished; several of the timbers were thrown into the air and fell at a distance of three rods. The roofs were torn from several houses, and beds, loads of hay, &c. carried

and adult life. In less than a fortnight afterwards, sometimes, indeed, after a few days, I have been astonished to find persons replying to me, with ordinary facility to the very questions, answers to which, had previously embarrassed them with many painful, protracted and stammering efforts, to a degree almost beyond the power of utterance. To this statement it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add, that I believe the influence to be in the highest degree deserving public confidence. W. E. HORSNER, M. D. Adjunct Professor of Anatomy, in the University of Pennsylvania.

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL COMPANY.

The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have directed a survey to be made from the point where their present canal terminates on the Delaware along the east bank of that river to Deposit, and from thence across to the Susquehanna. This survey is directed, we understand, with a view of completing a navigable communication between the waters of the Susquehanna and the Hudson. Mr. Bolton, the president of the company, and Judge Wright, have lately explored the route, and find that a canal can be made along the east bank of the Delaware to Deposit, at a very moderate expense; and it is believed, that it may be carried from thence to the Susquehanna, without difficulty.

ON THE 26TH ULT. IN THE DELAWARE ABOVE VINE STREET.

A white man, was found drowned, name unknown, about 45 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, stout made, and dark complexion; had on a blue roundabout, a coarse check shirt, linen pantaloons, shoes, but no stockings; nothing was found about him that would lead to any discovery who he was.

THE VALUABLE AND EXTENSIVE LAW LIBRARY.

The valuable and extensive Law Library, and miscellaneous books and pamphlets of the late William Griffith, Esq. are to be sold at Public Sale, on Thursday the 7th September next, at 9 o'clock, A. M. at the State house, in Trenton, by the Executors, Richard S. Cox and Charles Kinsey, Esquires.

THE WORK OF IMPROVEMENT ON THE SCHUYLKILL CANAL AND DAMS.

The work of improvement on the Schuylkill Canal and the dams, goes on rapidly and will shortly be completed. The anticipations of sickness, entertained, in consequence of letting off the water, have not been realized. At Mount Carbon, the coal business is in active preparation for the re-opening of the navigation.

LETTERS HAD BEEN RECEIVED FROM LIMA.

Letters had been received from Lima, which announce that President Bolivar has entered into a marriage covenant with Miss Hart, of Saybrook, Connecticut, sister of the lady of Commodore Hull of the frigate United States. Miss Hart accompanied her sister on the present cruise of that frigate.

THE SPRING GARDEN LOAN WAS TAKEN AT A PREMIUM.

The Spring Garden Loan was taken at a premium of three dollars and thirty cents on every certificate of 100 dollars, bearing an interest of 5 per cent per annum, payable on the first days of January and July, and not redeemable until the first of January, 1850. Nearly three times the amount required was offered—part at par, 4 per cent, 25 and 4 per cent premium.

CAPT. HUMPHREYS, FROM ST. THOMAS.

Capt. Humphreys, from St. Thomas, informs, that since the great fire, several other attempts had been made to burn the town, and great fears existed that the negroes contemplated an insurrection. The inhabitants had been kept under arms night and day.

THE STEAM-BOT NEW PHILADELPHIA.

The steam-bot New Philadelphia, built in Philadelphia for Messrs. Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, made a trip to Albany on Wednesday week in 12 hours and 23 minutes, being the shortest passage ever made between New York and Albany. The Messrs. Stevens mean to set up a line of steam boats, to make the trip to Albany in 12 hours. In the above trip the boat stopped at five different places on its way up the river.

ON TUESDAY, THE 1ST INST. THE TOWN OF CHATHAM, U. C. ON THE RIVER THAMES.

On Tuesday, the 1st inst. the town of Chatham, U. C. on the river Thames, was visited by a tornado, accompanied with rain and snow. It came across lake St. Clair, and passed over the neck of the Peninsula, lying between that lake and Lake Erie, and for the width of a mile in its course, prostrated houses, barns, fences, orchard and forest trees. The standing grain was destroyed, and the roads rendered impassable for a time. The snow covered the ground, and did not disappear for 24 hours.

"BARTHOLOMEW."—MARRIED ON THE 16TH AUGUST AT MARLBOROUGH, PENN.

"Bartholomew."—MARRIED ON THE 16TH AUGUST AT MARLBOROUGH, PENN. The accomplished Mr. Silas Fuller, to the amiable Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Mr. J. Williams, deceased. We are informed that the bridegroom, out of pure love, "for the darling of his heart," appeared at the hymeneal altar barefooted. This marvellous genuine love.

THE KENTUCKY GAZETTE RELATES AN UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.

The Kentucky Gazette relates an unfortunate occurrence, which took place in the streets of Lexington, on the night of the 9th ult. Some young men, who had drunk recently, were making a great noise in the streets, were met by the watch; a encounter took place between the captain of the watch and Thomas Park, one of the young men, after some blows had passed between them, Park fired a pistol at the captain, which missed him and entered the breast of William M'Lee, one of the young men with Park, who died instantly. Park has left the place.

A FEW OF THE CITIZENS OF TWO COUNTIES IN NORTH CAROLINA HAVE PETITIONED THE GOVERNOR.

A few of the citizens of two counties in North Carolina have petitioned the governor and council to lay an embargo "in order to prevent provisions of every kind from being exported from the state during the present and ensuing seasons." The Raleigh Register adds, that the power of laying an embargo is vested in congress, alone, and moreover, that if the apprehended scarcity should take place, the measure would be necessary, as the farmers would find a better market at home than they could seek abroad.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA HAS AT PRESENT ABOUT 175 STUDENTS WITHIN ITS WALLS.

The University of Virginia has at present about 175 students within its walls. It has a law lecture commenced with the present session, it is calculated that the number would have increased to at least 200. There are students from all the States south of Delaware. Two from New-York. The faculty are strict, and they were during the last session, and the students generally more orderly and studious.

THE FOLLOWING MELANCHOLY CONFESSION IS TAKEN FROM THE BACK OF A 25 DOLLAR BANK NOTE.

The following melancholy confession is taken from the back of a 25 dollar Bank Note, and no is doubt drawn from painful experience. It is a distressing picture indeed—"Go, go, twelve months ago I was worth two thousand of your amount, but alas, to-day I am not worth one dollar. Oh Cotton! Cotton! Cotton!"—See Georgian.

THE WESTERN COURIER, PUBLISHED AT ELLensburg, CATAGAGUS COUNTY, GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF A WILD AND WHICH SWEEP ALONG THE CATAGAGUS CREEK.

The Western Courier, published at Ellensburg, Catagagus county, gives an account of a wild and which swept along the Catagagus creek, leveling every thing in its way. The bridge over the Catagagus was entirely demolished; several of the timbers were thrown into the air and fell at a distance of three rods. The roofs were torn from several houses, and beds, loads of hay, &c. carried

away. The trees were prostrated in every direction. No lives were lost.

A MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE TOOK PLACE ON THE 6TH ULT. ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF FISHING CREEK.

A melancholy occurrence took place on the 6th ult. on the south side of Fishing Creek, Chester District, S. C.—Mr. Pagan and his whole family, consisting of seven persons, and three of Mr. Abraham Gull's children, in the same neighborhood, were bitten by a dog belonging to Mr. Pagan. Mr. Pagan has already showed symptoms of this most terrible disease.

A HAND TORTOISE WAS FOUND THE PRESENT SUMMER ON THE FARM OF JESSE J. MARIN.

A hand Tortoise was found the present summer on the farm of Jesse J. Marin, in Chester township, marked "James Shaw, 1732." It was worn very smooth, but the name and date were perfectly legible. It was also marked "1765" which was more distinctly indented. From the large size and antiquated appearance of the animal, there is little doubt but that it had passed through the vicissitudes of a century. It was marked with the date of the present year and set at liberty.

THE ORDINARY ROUTE FOR TRAVELLERS FROM PHILADELPHIA TO GENOVA.

The ordinary route for travellers from Philadelphia to Geneva, in one of the central counties of New York, has been by the way of the cities of New York, Albany, &c. making a circuit of nearly 450 miles. A semi-weekly line of stages now runs between Geneva and Philadelphia, by which nearly 300 miles of travelling are saved! The route is direct from Geneva to Ovid, Newtown, Towanda, Berwick, and Reading.

THE RUINS OF THE EXCHANGE BUILDINGS AT THE CORNER OF WILLIAM AND GARDEN-STREETS, NEW YORK.

The ruins of the Exchange Buildings at the corner of William and Garden-streets, New York, which were burnt on the 28th of last April, are still smoking. A person who remarked that this smoke probably proceeded from the specimens of Rhode Island Stone Coal, which the Company kept in the cellar, and which being once ignited by means of powerful conflagration, has been burning ever since.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED, IN BOSTON, FOR THE BENEFIT OF PRINTERS.

A great improvement has been announced, in Boston, for the benefit of printers, in the shape of an economical substitute for the Wash Skin Rollers or Halls now in use, called the "Elastic Composition Roll." The inventor says that \$355 per annum, on one press, may be saved by employing one of these Composition Rollers, with the aid of a boy at 4 cents per token.

IN THE PROSECUTION OF THE EXCAVATION ON THE SUMMIT LEVEL OF THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL.

In the prosecution of the excavation on the summit level of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, in Sullivan County, N. Y. the workmen have discovered a part of the bones of a Mammoth, consisting of one of the hip bones and a number of the joints of the back. The weight of the hip-bone, when first taken out was 35 pounds, although much depreciated in weight, on account of the great length of time it must have lain in the earth. It is thought from the dimensions of this bone, that the animal must have been 8 or 9 feet across the hips when living. The socket of the thigh bone was found to be 23 inches in circumference.

A HUG IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—THE ACCIDENTS TO WHICH PRINTERS OF LEBANONIAN JOURNALS IN THE COUNTRY TOWNS ARE LIABLE.

A Hug in a Printing Office.—The accidents to which Printers of Lebanonian journals in the country towns are liable, are more vexatious from their not being full-handed enough to remedy them. We commiserate them, whenever announced, but it is not easy to suppress a smile at the cause of the following apology for publishing a half sheet, instead of a whole sheet, last week:

FROM THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

Having had the misfortune to have the inner form of our last paper thrown into utter confusion, technically called "Pie," by a meddling hog, we find it impracticable to present our readers with a full sheet this week. We hope the circumstance itself will be received as our apology.

LATE EUROPEAN ADVICES.

The news from the manufacturing districts of England possesses a mournful interest. The distresses of the Spitalfield weavers equal in intensity those of their brethren in the north of England. More than 9000 of them depend on public contributions for their support; and the fountain of private charity seemed nearly exhausted. In the last calculation of 1000 pounds from his majesty, the committee must have closed labor on the 20th of July.

A BULION PAPER STATES, THAT FIVE MILLS SUSPENDED OPERATIONS AT THE END OF LAST WEEK.

A Bulion paper states, that five mills suspended operations at the end of last week in that town alone, by which 2000 workmen were added to the multitudes out of employment. The misery at Manchester is most appalling, and increasing every day; manufacturers, workmen, and people of every description feel the oppression of the times. A gentleman from Colne says, that in his part a weaver must work night and day for a week, in order to obtain five shillings.

THE DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS OF SCOTLAND EXCEEDS, PERHAPS, THAT OF LANCAIRE OR ANY PART OF ENGLAND.

The distress in the manufacturing districts of Scotland exceeds, perhaps, that of Lancashire or any part of England. It is stated, for example, in a letter from Glasgow, that in the small town of Mybole, in Ayrshire, the inhabitants of which only amounted to 3000, there are 1,768 persons out of employment.

THE NOTICES OF THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND, ARE FAVORABLE; YET A KNOWLEDGE OF THIS FACT DOES NOT APPEAR TO HAVE ANY EFFECT ON THE PRICE OF GRAIN.

The notices of the harvest in England, are favorable; yet a knowledge of this fact does not appear to have any effect on the price of grain. The truth is, that an average crop will no longer supply the wants of England, with its increased population.

THE AMOUNT OF GOODS INSURED FROM FIRE BY ONE BOOKSELLER'S FIRM IN LONDON, IS NOT LESS THAN THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

The amount of goods insured from fire by one bookseller's firm in London, is not less than three hundred thousand pounds sterling.—Messrs. Whitakers, booksellers, paid for the year 1825, 5,310l. For their newspaper advertisements.

A BRITISH CAPTAIN HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO A HOUSE OF CORRECTION IN ENGLAND, FOR SELLING FOUR AFRICAN SLAVES, WHO WERE COMMITTED TO HIM AS SECURITY.

A British captain has been sentenced to a House of Correction in England, for selling four African slaves, who were committed to him as security. His ship and her cargo, are threatened with confiscation.

THE COMMISSIONERS FOR BUILDING NEW CHURCHES IN ENGLAND, HAVE REPORTED THAT THEY HAVE DETERMINED ON, AND MADE PROVISION FOR THE ERECTION OF 163 CHURCHES AND CHAPELS, OF WHICH 64 ARE FINISHED, AND HAVE BEEN OR ARE READY TO BE CONSECRATED.

The Commissioners for building new churches in England, have reported that they have determined on, and made provision for the erection of 163 churches and chapels, of which 64 are finished, and have been or are ready to be consecrated. The number of persons accommodated in the churches which are now, is 29,479, including 55,533 free seats, to be appropriated to the use of the poor. The amount already expended under the commission is 777,300.

THE ENTIRE WORKS OF LORD BYRON HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PUBLISHED IN PARIS, BY GALLIGNAN.

The entire works of Lord Byron have recently been published in Paris, by Galligan, in one handsome octavo volume of 716 pages, printed in double columns. The type is handsome and plain, and the work is embellished with a fine likeness of the author and a fac simile of a letter written by his hand, to Galligan, from Venice, dated April 27, 1819.

THE LETTER TO THE FRENCH PUBLISHER, SIGNED "WALTER SCOTT," DENYING HIS BEING THE AUTHOR OF THE SCOTCH NOVELS, MUST CERTAINLY BE A FORGERY.

The letter to the French publisher, signed "Walter Scott," denying his being the author of the Scotch Novels, must certainly be a forgery. We really cannot comprehend the use of the continuation of this silly comedy. We have ourselves seen the original MSS. in Constable's hands, and so have many others, and thence we know that the novels are of Walter Scott's.

THE DESCRIPTION IN THE FIRST SERIES OF "TALES OF MY LANDLORD," OF THE DEATH OF JOHN BAUFUR OF BURLEY, HAS BEEN CENSURED BY SEVERAL CRITICS AS UNNATURAL, AND PORTRAYING THE PARALYSED AND DEADLY MALE WHICH COULD NOT BE PARALLELED IN REAL LIFE.

The description in the first series of "Tales of My Landlord," of the death of John Baufur of Burley, has been censured by several critics as unnatural, and portraying the paralysed and deadly male which could not be paralleled in real life. The following occurrence

bears a striking resemblance to that of Baufur. On Friday the river Gull purpose of the water, the went down a bodies were the other by paper.

Wm. R. V. PHILADELPHIA.

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THE CONTRIVANCE OF THE SEASON FOR THE PRESENT.

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IT IS SAID GILBERT HAS AUGUSTUS OPEN ON THE 1ST.

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leaves a striking resemblance, in some of its parts, to that scene.

On Friday evening, two young men, belonging to the "Black Line," in the river, were bathing, and having quarrelled in the water, they grasped each other, and both went down and were drowned. When their bodies were found, the one had a firm hold of the other by the face with both hands.—*Scotch paper.*

The Drama.

Wm. R. Wood, formerly co-manager of the Philadelphia theatre, has relinquished this situation, and in a parting address to the public makes particular mention of the real which he has shown in catering for the taste of our citizens for sixteen years. He says, "None, who are conscious, have been treated with great indulgence, for he has experienced, not the severity of a task master, but the smiles and encouragement of a kind and liberal friend." The management of our theatre will be under the control of Mr. Warren, in future. Next season will commence a brilliant era in theatrical affairs in this city, many performers of splendid talents are to be engaged, and novelty of every kind will be zealously brought forward.

The Washington theatre, with part of the Philadelphia company, opened on Thursday evening, with the comedy of the Poor Gentleman, and the farce of the Rendezvous.

The Park Theatre, New York, opened for the season on Monday evening. The new decorations, it is said, are remarkably splendid. The opera performed on Tuesday evening, was the "Lafayette Theatre," has recently produced two very strong pieces, the "Avenger," and "El Hijo de la Muerte," both of which have been very successful and crowded houses. The Chatham Theatre is undergoing a complete repair. The rest of the house has been pulled down and a new and better, giving additional width, and extending the depth of the stage about twenty feet. When completed, it is calculated to contain upwards of five thousand persons seated. Miss G. de la Cruz, of Covent Garden, and sister to the lady who delighted us last winter, it is rumored, is about to pay a visit to America. Woodford has arrived at Utica. There is a considerable opposition to theatrical entertainments in the western towns and villages of New York. A very calm remonstrance against them has appeared in a recent paper, and the Editor says it contains the sentiments of many respectable inhabitants.

The Broadway Circus is to be opened for the Park company on the evenings when the Italian Opera perform at the theatre, and dramatic representations will take place there, the same as if brought forward at the regular house.

It is said in the Georgia Courier that Mrs. Gillet has applied for the management of the Augusta theatre, and that it will probably open on the 15th of October.

The Miss Gillinghams of New-York are giving concerts in Boston. They sing Italian selections from Mozart and Rossini.

The Boston Theatre, in Federal-street, opens the middle of next month. It has been much improved since last season. The length, by an addition to the first tier, has been increased about twenty feet. The lobby is widened, and the saloon decorated.

Mr. Dwyer the actor, is giving lectures on elocution in Albany.

A public dinner has been given to Mr. Keen in Montreal. Mr. Barnes took his benefit at Quebec on the 18th ult.

The Montreal Herald contains a very long critique upon the performance of Mr. Keen—his Brutus and Hamlet are highly commended—but his Cardinal Woolsey and Sylvester Daggerwood obtained for him no credit: the first was well performed, but the play of Henry VIII. is entirely unfit for the stage.

The circumstances connected with the murder of Col. Sharpe, and the conviction and execution of his murderer, are to be dramatised by a gentleman of North Carolina, Mr. Joseph Hutton, formerly of this city.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1826.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STYLIA's poetical Sketch—Abner, a poem, by SELMA—and lines "to Arabella." R.—are designed for our next number.

We are particularly gratified on reading the original fable of "The Gardener and Rose," the chaste production of the Rev. Samuel Pearce. We think it admirably calculated to produce the philanthropic intentions of the writer, and to awaken the liveliest sympathies of the humane breast. We shall find room for it soon.

Our correspondent at Princeton, who, by his leave, we will in future designate with the appellation of "Patriot," will have proper attention, in future, paid to his favours, the first of which we did propose to publish this week; it is, however, reserved for another paper.

The ingenious puzzle which a friend at Dr. Witte's family furnished us a few days ago, along with a new subscriber for "The Casket," we shall certainly publish—the CASKET is advancing rapidly in public estimation—this week there have been full fifty new names added to the list—we are preparing splendid engravings to accompany the future numbers.

In "Expectatus," under whatever name he may assume, we are desirous still to recognize a friend. If any promises have passed between us, they shall be considered binding on our part, so far as present circumstances demand.

"Combinatus," (recollect we make no pledge any, if our present intentions do not prove abortive, find his lucubrations occupying a suitable place in the Octo column—we may not say when—but guess it will be in six or seven days.)

The Epitaph inscribed on the monument to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, sent from Newton, Delaware county—Ennis (who is, to use a part of the old proverb, ever on the alert, after the fair)—Address of a lover to his mistress.—CHRISTIAN—SIRACH'S LETTERS—Epistle to his country friend—a Kosciusko—besides other matters, which will be placed in proper keeping as a *corps de reserve*, have been handed in.

The anecdotes signed B. P. D. bear an original dress, but we have heard the substance of them related before.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

We published, two weeks since, a list of the premiums offered by the Franklin Institute of this city, for the best samples of mechanical ingenuity, chemical discovery, &c. &c. The influence of the previous liberality of the Institute, has been powerfully felt, and it may be anticipated that it will be particularly conspicuous in the approaching exhibition. There is a value in the exertions of the Institute beyond ordinary appreciation, or momentary effect; not only is the ingenuity and enterprise of our tradesmen called into action, but new motives for legitimate emulation are found by the publicity that is given to every effort, and the chance of comparison with others of a similar kind. Previous to the existence of the Franklin Institute, there were few motives for ingenious workmen to tax their skill: the ordinary requirements of their occupation afforded ample employment for their time, to yield a reasonable reward for their exertion. An extraordinary effort, they were aware, might produce superior workmanship in articles to excite admiration, but who was to appreciate the full amount of labour and materials employed, and reward the extraordinary attention and skill devoted to its completion. It is in such circumstances that the influence of the Institute is to be particularly felt. Where no hope is entertained of a commensurate reward for extraordinary exertions and superior execution, science and ingenuity have no stimulant to action, and the careless and inert have the same reward as those who give heed to their labour. Nor is it alone the expectation of an immediate pecuniary remuneration for exertion that stimulates the spirited mechanic; the exhibition of his work acquires for him a credit that will be of incalculable advantage to his shop, and it is the praise of the Franklin Institute directors that they have extended their offers of premiums in such a manner that the members of almost every branch of the mechanic arts may be stimulated to competition; and there are discretionary rewards, or at least the encouragement of verbal commendation for almost every production of acknowledged utility and superior execution which may be presented.

It was once the wish of the great Philosopher whose name the Institute bears, after viewing the resuscitation of some flies, that he might have animation suspended for a century, and then return to see how affairs prospered in his little republic; doubtless had such a wish been granted, he would have started with astonishment at our vast accession of territory, and wondered at the amazing increase of population, spread from the Atlantic to the lakes—science, his own favourite branch, would afford delight, and all the improvements in policy and increase in power that characterise our country, would be matter of especial admiration; but no single circumstance, perhaps, in all the variety of improvements in our country, would be found so congenial to the taste of the good man, so much what he would desire to have projected, as that very Institution with which his name should be most intimately associated, as the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, offering education and encouragement to the scientific mechanic, and inviting to industry and usefulness the most numerous portion of our citizens. The consciousness that they are pursuing the course which such a man would most emphatically approve, and which their own experience, and the voice of a benefitted public declare to be eminently useful, will stimulate the directors of the Franklin Institute to prosecute, with all ardour, the great and good work upon which they have so nobly entered.

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Among the improvements of the times, that of the quality and arrangements of our text books for schools is to be considered, not the least important. Indeed, when we consider the almost indelible effects of early impressions, we cannot too highly appreciate the worth of books that convey, in a simple manner, those important truths that are to form the nucleus of our subsequent acquirements, and effect in the most important degree, the character and tone of our minds. History is a study peculiarly adapted to the tastes and circumstances of childhood, inasmuch as its incidents serve to gratify the curiosity, particularly the characteristic of youth, and its facts serve to strengthen the mind and give it a healthy and profitable tone. It rarely happens that persons who have commenced in youth a regular study of history, are troubled with that morbid appetite for novel reading which vitiates the mind of so many of both sexes, disqualifies them for judging of, or enjoying, the realities of life; gives them a feverish expectancy of something they can never possess, or possessing they are unable to enjoy. It is in the realities of life that patterns for imitation, or examples of revolting infamy to avoid, are to be sought;—because it is in real life that happiness or misery is to be experienced.—Impressed with the importance of these facts, we have always, regarded, with particular delight, the successful attempts of literary men to render the study of history agreeable to youth, without mingling its facts with deleterious fiction. Perhaps no person has done more towards perfecting the work of school histories than Mr. Grimshaw, whose version of Goldsmith's *Rome*, the *History of England*, and that of the *United States*, are regarded as among the most popular and admirably adapted works of the present day.—To these, Mr. Grimshaw has added, within a short time, a revision of Goldsmith's *Greece*; this was a link in the historical chain much needed—and we doubt not, that the public voice will decide as favourably upon this production as it has upon the previous efforts of the same indefatigable and worthy author.—Goldsmith's *Greece*, without a revision, is not calculated for schools; it abounds in errors, in inaccurate description, improper phrases, and is, indeed, a proof how very badly a good author can write, if indeed there is not much room to doubt Goldsmith ever composed the histories to which his name is attached. "He touches nothing that he does not ornament," is the praise which the great Johnson bestowed upon the author of "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," &c. but as an historian, Goldsmith is, to say the least, undeserving credit. Mr. Grimshaw has adopted the easy descriptive style of that writer, retained his facts, connected his dates, and entirely and handsomely adapted his work to the school desk. The book of questions and the accompanying key, are valuable additions to the work, and will be found most serviceable to teacher and pupil.

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SYMPTOMS OF NEWS.

John E. Hall, Esq. editor of the Port Folio, is about publishing "The Philadelphia Souvenir, or a collection of fugitive pieces, from the Philadelphia Press, with biographical and explanatory notes." It will consist of selections from the writings of Denme, and the circle of which he is surrounded.

At an Ordination held in Trinity Church, Southwark, on Sunday morning last, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. William Bryant, and Mr. William J. Rees, were admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons.

The Steam boat Philadelphia, Capt. Crocker, left Norfolk on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, with 23 passengers for Dover and Philadelphia, and the steam boat Norfolk, Capt. Robinson, arrived at this city with 30 passengers, 20 of whom came all the way through.

Intelligence has been received at the State Department of the death of Mr. Anderson, our Minister to Colombia. He died at Cartagena, on the 24th July, on his way to Panama, as one of the Commissioners to the great American Congress.

It is proposed to make a new public promenade in Broad-street, Centre square, to be 30 feet wide, and planted on each side with trees, extending the length of the city.

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995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

We published, two weeks since, a list of the premiums offered by the Franklin Institute of this city, for the best samples of mechanical ingenuity, chemical discovery, &c. &c. The influence of the previous liberality of the Institute, has been powerfully felt, and it may be anticipated that it will be particularly conspicuous in the approaching exhibition. There is a value in the exertions of the Institute beyond ordinary appreciation, or momentary effect; not only is the ingenuity and enterprise of our tradesmen called into action, but new motives for legitimate emulation are found by the publicity that is given to every effort, and the chance of comparison with others of a similar kind. Previous to the existence of the Franklin Institute, there were few motives for ingenious workmen to tax their skill: the ordinary requirements of their occupation afforded ample employment for their time, to yield a reasonable reward for their exertion. An extraordinary effort, they were aware, might produce superior workmanship in articles to excite admiration, but who was to appreciate the full amount of labour and materials employed, and reward the extraordinary attention and skill devoted to its completion. It is in such circumstances that the influence of the Institute is to be particularly felt. Where no hope is entertained of a commensurate reward for extraordinary exertions and superior execution, science and ingenuity have no stimulant to action, and the careless and inert have the same reward as those who give heed to their labour. Nor is it alone the expectation of an immediate pecuniary remuneration for exertion that stimulates the spirited mechanic; the exhibition of his work acquires for him a credit that will be of incalculable advantage to his shop, and it is the praise of the Franklin Institute directors that they have extended their offers of premiums in such a manner that the members of almost every branch of the mechanic arts may be stimulated to competition; and there are discretionary rewards, or at least the encouragement of verbal commendation for almost every production of acknowledged utility and superior execution which may be presented.

has been furnished with a gibe at their expense, and few, very few, have had the hardihood to contradict, and still fewer attempt to disprove this libel upon authorship, rendered still more libellous by its truth. It is not enough that writers must be heedless with propriety, but intruding mischief makers must "peep through the blanket of the dark," and "prate of their whereabouts;" we shall, at another opportunity, deal more directly with this custom of slanders—meantime we have a word for the law that condemns their offspring to the misery of hereditary poverty enforced by enactment, as worse than what the French call *Les droits d'auteur*—the law of primogeniture—which declares that the oldest son shall be rich, without making reference to the fate of the youngest.

We can scarcely imagine a more valid claim to any property of thing, than that of *creation*, though that thing were a falsehood. In all mechanical or agricultural operations, such a proof of claims would be most readily admitted. "The law would allow it, and the court award it."

Yet look at the tenure on which the author holds his book—he must spend years in the acquisition of that knowledge which forms the mere tools with which he labours, he must possess, in general, genius for his plan, talents and industry for its execution, and separate himself from other means of support while he is engaged in forming it—he must obtain a copy right, incur the risk of a first edition, and by the time the work has secured the sanction of the public and the corrections which its author is enabled to give it, the copy right expires, and the work is seized by literary sharks, and made common stock to the whole country.

These things are unequal and unjust—if expense is incurred in publication, common right requires that a *lien* be had upon the books for the payment of debts; or indeed to change for other pecuniary obligations the owner of them; but do not give a power when there is clearly no right, to give the labour to the idle and the illiterate. It is no argument against the limitation of copy right security, that few books are published that survive the fifteen years allowed by law—who shall say what is valuable?—or who compute for a man the worth of his own possession?—may the very fact that works are published without the consent of the author, is prima facie evidence of their value. But it is known to many persons conversant with the publication of books, that many works of real value do not acquire with the public a just estimation until long after they first issue from the press; this, perhaps, less to be remarked of works of taste, than those relating especially to the arts and sciences. We could within our small acquaintance, designate one or two individuals who are very nearly dependent upon the sale of a single book, the copy right of which is in the possession of another. The families will still more need the profits of the publication when they shall have been deprived of those to whom, by nature, they look for support. Yet in a few years, the time for securing to a man the possession of his own, will expire; and the right to supply the market and enjoy their own will be denied.

There are many evils attending this precious provision of the law, among which, we notice that it absolutely keeps good works already written, out of the market; strange as this may appear, it is nevertheless a fact. Suppose a demand for a work not generally known; it may be supposed that a bookseller of enterprise would immediately publish it, but he would pause upon the enterprise. If he issues an edition it would be proof that the work was desired, and another publisher would follow with the same work, and by glutting the market cause a loss to the first if not to both.

Who, or where are the descendants of Shakspeare? Alas! they have been so long poor that they have been forgotten. What would the descendants of the great Master of the English Drama have been, had they alone possessed the right of publishing the works of their ancestor?

We make these observations in reference to the authors: we can at least on this subject speak disinterestedly, having as carefully eschewed the sin of authorship, as we humbly and heartily hope to be spared from its consequences—yet we cannot but think that the subject is worthy legislative enquiry, not merely for the benefit of literature or literary men, but as an abstract question of right.

At an Ordination held in Trinity Church, Southwark, on Sunday morning last, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. William Bryant, and Mr. William J. Rees, were admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons.

The Steam boat Philadelphia, Capt. Crocker, left Norfolk on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, with 23 passengers for Dover and Philadelphia, and the steam boat Norfolk, Capt. Robinson, arrived at this city with 30 passengers, 20 of whom came all the way through.

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